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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

NEW SERIES, Volume IX, Whole No. 211.

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At the Theatres.



On Monday at the Grand Opera House the tearful Clara Morris began an engagement in The New Magdalen to last one week. The waits between the acts were tolerably short, and therefore the star's wonderful acting as Mercy Merrick was thoroughly enjoyed. So often have we noticed it in the past there is no occasion to dwell upon it now. J. B. McCormack's Julian Gray was an excellent performance. Jack Saville's Horace also deserves praise. Lillian Eldridge played Grace nicely and Aunt Louisa Eldridge's Lady Janet was capital.

Next week John T. Raymond who found his match at the Actors' Dinner, but has never been matched successfully by anybody on the mimic boards will appear for the time in this city as Major Bob Belter in the comedy In Paradise. The action of the play opens in a mining camp in Idaho, and introduces Old Joe, who steals his daughter's earnings to buy whisky. His stealings are discovered by Rawdon, a genteel gambler, who, by threats of exposure, forces the old man to make him the guardian of his child, Melia. Rawdon is given leave to marry the girl, but she determines to be true to the man of her choice, Steve Dallas. She, however, binds herself to the gambler to save her father's life. Major Bob Belter, in the person of Mr. Raymond, appears upon the scene as the friend of the lovers. The second act takes the audience into the Chicago office of Duxum and Belter. Duxum is in charge of an estate of several millions left by a brother of Old Joe to Melia, who is now through with her education and about to marry Rawdon. The gambler comes to the law office, recognizes the Mayor, who, by skilful management, gets from him Melia's address and an invitation to visit her. The same day Dallas turns up, rich and prosperous, seeking Melia also; to complete the sensation of the day, Major Belter is sought, as the head of some Woman's Protection Society, by the deserted wife of Rawdon. Thus the train is laid by which the Major is able to deprive Rawdon of his game. He goes with Dallas to the seminary, where he discovers in the principal a long-lost sweetheart. Here the Major exhibits his diplomacy and brings matters to a happy issue. Rawdon is confronted with his rightful wife, whom he gracefully accepts; Melia is restored to Steve, and the curtain drops over a laughable tableau. The character played by Raymond is said to deserve a place beside his imitable Fresh and Colonel Sellers.

When the White Slave finishes the week at Niblo's, another reminiscence of last Summer will be presented in the play The Black Flag. The irrepressible Nat Goodwin and the statuesque Edwin Thorne will "catch on," we doubt not, at the municipal antipodes of Poole and Gilmore.

The one-hundredth performance of Young Mrs. Winthrop will be celebrated at the Madison Square on Friday. The centennial of Howard's entertaining mixture of domestic joy and woe will be an attractive incident, particularly as appropriate souvenirs will be given to the audience. There is no abatement in the nightly attendance.

Jane Eyre was acted at the Thalia on Monday before a full house, Miss Spenser—who came here to support Barnay—appearing as the governess. The lady scored a success. Her support was excellent, especially so in the case of Miss Galster. Herr Barnay's appearance as Coriolanus will be the event of the week at this prosperous German place of amusement.

Ours at Wallack's is a brilliant success. Large audiences nightly greet the manager, whose performance of Hugh Chalcote is as charming as ever. Rehearsals of The Silver King began last Thursday. The stage of the Standard is used for them, as the scenic artists occupy Wallack's boards every day preparing the elaborate scenery for the new piece. There is excellent reason to believe that The Silver King will make a hit.

Emmett's audiences at Haverly's are gratifyingly large. The favorite comedian will open the Cosmopolitan Opera House next month.

The Vokes Family were welcomed at the Fifth Avenue Monday evening by a fair house. They gave Cousin Joe and Fun in a Fog. Next Monday Mary Anderson begins what promises to be a notable engagement. The three first nights of the week she will appear as Pauline. During the rest she is to do The

Daughter of Roland. Ion will probably be revived before Miss Anderson closes her extended season.

The Voyage en Suisse, illustrated by the Hanlons, opened to a big house Monday at the Windsor. The performance passed off admirably, and the spectators were delighted.

Tony Hastor gave Muldoon's Picnic Monday. Harry Kerneil was the Muldoon and Dan Collyer the Mulcahey. The comedy was received with shouts of laughter. Some excellent specialty features completed the programme.

The San Francisco Minstrels did a burlesque on Iolanthe Monday night. The game isn't worth the powder, and a skit on an artistic failure could not be successful. However, the fine first-part made a satisfactory evening's entertainment.

McSorley's Inflation at the Comique still booms.

On Saturday we penetrated the mires of Jersey as far as Newark, where we saw a performance of La Belle Russe with the original San Francisco Geraldine. It was at Manager Gray's beautiful Park—a theatre which in every respect would be an acquisition to our Broadway. There was a good-sized audience present, which was as coldly critical as the bluest Boston gathering; but the fine acting of Jeffreys-Lewis warmed them up to something approaching animation, and they manifested their approbation quite like any ordinary assemblage of people. We suspect that the frostiness was due as much to a strait-laced opinion of such creatures as the heroine of Belasco's drama as to the markedly unappreciative air that distinguishes audiences in Brooklyn, Jersey City and all suburban towns, including Newark, where pulses do not beat in unison with the pulses on Manhattan Island.

Although comparisons are odious, we cannot refrain from saying that Jeffreys-Lewis' acting in La Belle Russe is better than that which Rose Coghlan gave us toward the end of last season at Wallack's. Our favorite leading lady justly won much praise for the excellent manner in which she played the part of Geraldine Calhorne. There was in it intelligence and excellent artistic grace. It satisfied, but it did not move the spectator to enthusiasm. Indeed, with a part that offers not the slightest chance for enlisting the sympathies of a theatre full of people, but on the contrary is repellent in the extreme, the awakening of such a feeling is not an easy thing to do. But Jeffreys-Lewis accomplished it, and we were literally "enthused." Remembering her as a stock actress in this city, who played juvenile rôles admirably, and who gave promise of more ambitious work, we were surprised at the powerful, impressive impersonation she gave, and readily understood why the people of San Francisco, before whom the lady had a chance of appearing in suitable characters, conceded her an enviable position in their regard, which here she did not gain, for the simple reason that the opportunity was wholly lacking.

As La Belle Russe the star manifested emotional talent of the highest order. During the earlier parts of the play, notably in the scene with Lady Calhorne, she gave a tinge of pathos to the character that softened and chastened it to a large extent, besides preparing the way for a startling contrast in the last acts, where the adventuress, pushed to the wall, is forced to use extreme measures in carrying out her daring scheme to get into respectable society. She introduces much original and effective business in her duel with Captain Brand, and the spirited exchange of verbal hot-shot with that individual was brilliant. Only one fault can we find with a personation so admirably conceived and illustrated—Miss Lewis poses too much. Her frequent dropping and flopping is grotesque and decidedly monotonous. But, with this exception, we have nothing but praise to bestow upon her fine acting.

The company supporting Miss Lewis is an efficient one. Walter L. Dennis gives a very acceptable representation of young Calhorne, avoiding the natural tendency to overact a part that offers many temptations to err in that direction. J. N. Gotthold's Captain Brand was more robust and noisy than Osmond Tearle's, and therefore better suited to provincial taste than the latter's would be. The rest of the company were satisfactory. Miss Lewis played the first three nights of the week in Jersey City. She is now making her way toward the West via Northern New York.

The Musical Mirror.

The Bijou Opera House was crammed to its utmost capacity on Monday, that being the first performance of Virginia, a new comic opera by Stephens and Solomon, the authors of Billee Taylor. We sincerely wish that we could say that the present work was equal to the past; but truth compels us to admit that we cannot. Stephens' text is and always was a weak imitation of Gilbert, and Solomon's music in his later operas, Claude Duval, The Vicar of Bray, and, alas! we must add, Virginia, is simply commonplace, and, what is worse, dull. The singing was for the most part good, the acting excellent, and the stage setting beyond praise. Everything was done that could be done by the management to give effect to both music and words, and had the opera been anywhere near the merit of Billee Taylor, a brilliant success would have been achieved. As it is, time alone can tell. We only give our own impression of the music. Miss Couch, the *débutante*, is very nice in voice, style and person; but as her part gave her no chance, we can only congratulate her upon her niceness and hope for a better opportunity of seeing her. Laura Joyce did much toward saving the piece by her quaint, clever acting and her singing. Mr. Howson, who is our best singing comedian, was misfitted with

the part of Nicholas De Ville, who is a shaky Mephisto, with too much to do, just as Claude Duval had too much to do in that defunct opera.

The opening chorus is stupid. Mrs. Cowslip's "Lament," which is a colorable imitation of Ruth's in The Pirates of Penzance, fell dead at once, as did the quartette, "The Forlorn Foundling." Paul's song, "The Bonny Green Coat," is a version of Billee Taylor's first song. De Ville's song, "The Black and Red Rover," got a weak encore by reason of Howson's quaintness and his make-up as Hermann the Conjuror. The chorus of milkmaids, "Cockadoodle-doo," was feeble. Virginia's song, "Oh! What a Scamper," scampered very dully. The chorus of Younger Sons was funny, but strongly suggestive of the sailor-girls in Billee Taylor. The next two numbers are not worthy of notice by reason of their stupidity. The quintette, "Tis the ring that makes the world go round," promised to be good for about eight bars, but did not keep its word. The vocal waltz, "Love's Seasons," was by far the best thing in the act. De Ville and Cowslip's duet was bosh. The chorus of navvies is a rehash of the sailors in Billee Taylor. Digby Bell's song, "Which my Sally didn't love me true," went capitally through Bell's added verses, which were very funny. The rest of the company were very dull. The second act began rather stupidly, although the Scotch soliloquy of Paul created a laugh. Mrs. Cowslip's song, "The Model Lodging-house Keeper," a bad copy of "Ruth," again fell flat. The bathing chorus was almost nasty in its suggestiveness. The "Professional Beauty," a vulgar personality, *sans* time, *sans* wit, *sans* everything, and the rest of the music, with the exception of the Photograph chorus, which was boosted by the stage business, and the duet, "Does It Catch On?" was simply padding. The opera may catch on; we don't say it won't, for the eye is mightily pleased if the ear is somewhat wearied, and the eye has a good deal to do with success in these matters; but if it does succeed, Messrs. Stephens and Solomon have very little to claim in its success, which will be mainly due to the stage-manager, the scene-painter and the artists.

The concert given on Sunday evening last was attended by a numerous and well-seeming audience, which was mightily interested in the proceedings. We have always noticed that a full house makes a bright performance, and Sunday night's concert was no exception to the rule. The band was full and well chosen, with the rare advantage of double reeds, harp and drums,—not one drummer as overworked as a switch-tender on the New York Central, but a man to each drum, as is right and proper. Consequently, the orchestral numbers on the programme went "excellent well" and got bountiful applause, well deserved. Mr. Carleton sang "Rose Marie" charmingly, with "good emphasis and discretion;" but in the "Toreador" song from Carmen we thought that his voice was too closed; such a song needs a brawling basso, not a well-tempered baritone. To be sure, there are some who can do both—who can roar like a bull of Bashan and coo like a cushat dove; but Mr. Carleton is not one of these. His is an exquisitely rich, well-toned voice, but not by any means an open one. Mlle. Rossini has that worst of all faults in a singer, the vibrato. Her tones shake like the leaves of the aspen tree, and they are not very good tones either. She pronounces Italian like a German, and German like a Hungarian, and sings in the worst school of modern vocalism. So let her pass. Mme. Madeleine Schiller, whom we have heard play the pianoforte most delightfully, thumped Weber's concertstück as if she had a spite against Weber—not the composer, but the piano-maker. Her left hand so overpowered the right that we could not help thinking of Tom Sayers, of lusty memory, who gained all his battles by "hitting out with the left." Now, a pianist and a pugilist are two different individuals, and what is a charm in the one may be a blemish in the other; therefore, we counsel Mme. Schiller in future to give her dexter a chance. Messrs. Max Marczek and Rudolph Aronson looked very well on the conductor's stand, both being personable men.

Miss Emma Thursby's Grand Historical Concert Cyclus—whatever that may mean—was crowded on Monday evening last. Miss Thursby sings exquisitely, has a pure, clear soprano voice, trained to perfection, and guided by an evidently intelligent brain. She is not a great singer for the best of reasons: she has not a great voice, but she has a charming one, and compared with the great prima donna is as a canary to a nightingale. She gave the romance from Jean de Nivelle, by Delibes, in a manner worthy of the music; and that is saying a good deal for the music is very beautiful. Her Greek song, followed by the Spanish a. r., were gems of vocalization. Mme. Alma del Martin has a level, exquisitely-toned, deep mezzo-soprano voice, and sings extremely well. She gave us Vacca's charming aria, "Ah se lu Dormi," in a manner that really charmed our listening ears. Mr. Holst Hansen has a nice, sympathetic middle voice. As yet his upper tones are somewhat streaky. Miss Constance Howard plays the pianoforte in a slovenly, amateurish style, suggestive of insufficient study and lax practice. Her notes too often fall under the desk, and she does not, to my apprehension, seem to know the meaning of what she plays. Nevertheless, she has a pretty arm, and that is something. Scarlatti's "Pastorale," with which Miss Howard began the concert, is a quaint old thing, very nice and smooth, and all that, but irresistibly reminding us of Mr. Parselle's "Kyrie Eleison" in The Rantzaus. As antiquities, these things are worth the hearing; but as music they fade, as do most ancient things when compared with modern. We like to hear them now and then, if only to rejoice in the progress we have made since they were written. Maurice Strakosch's accompaniment at the piano was exquisite—in fact, the best feature of the concert.

The Giddy Gusher



ON AIRS.

Not that I am going to invade the realm of Dave Braham; the airs that I refer to are those airs people delight to give themselves on company occasions. And very ridiculous ones they are, too. Booth's Theatre was chuck full of 'em Monday night. We were a jolly crowd, first-nighters and professional people, and professional people's lawyers and doctors, advisers and friends. I could have made up several companies in the house, and picked out agents enough to accompany 'em, and critics enough to boom 'em or break 'em, in every division of the orchestra.

It's a great comfort to meet the mercurial Parkes as near the front door as the ticket-taker; it seems a sort of assurance that the occasion is important and needs his personal supervision. But very sorry am I to say that we have exchanged excited greetings in crowded lobbies, and lent an air of business, bustle, pleased expectancy and delightful anticipation to many occasions that have been thoroughly delusive. We imposed that sort of thing on a Boothian audience when we conversed in sounding Greek about the forthcoming play the night our young friend Riddle jerked his little Oedipus. We were on hand with mutual congratulations on the changed condition of things when that idyllic drama, Coney Island, was produced. Again we came up smiling in the same lobby when the marvels of The Living Age were unfolded. Therefore it's not a sure sign of success when Parkes and the Gusher radiate before the play. But it's an unerring evidence of failure when Parkes and the Gusher are radiating after the show.

The conduct of persons in public places has much to do with the condition of an audience's temperature. Now, I defy any one to withstand an uncomfortable feeling when a tight-legged, piccadilly-collared, cane-sucking young man bolts down the aisle to a front seat, as a milkman rushes into our areaway with a two-quart can. And I have known the thermometer on a sultry night to fall ten degrees in a stifling theatre, when Wright Sandford, in faultless evening dress, accompanied by a waxen camelia or cape jessamine in his button-hole, sauntered coolly, noiselessly and calmly to the best place in the house. He has a quieting influence on me that is delightful, and I can see his effect on a perturbed section in five minutes after he sits down. Then there are those human seidlitz powders, French and O'Brien, the blue and white papers. Taken together, they are in continual effervescence. Their immediate vicinage bubbles like the ground around a geyser, and not even the sardonic smile of Gould can flavor the ineffable good humor of their presence.

Sam Sondheim is a constant source of comfort to me in a theatre. I noticed him Monday night. There were a half dozen young snips in his neighborhood, dressed within an inch of their silly lives. Their little pink pipe-stem necks stuck out of more shirt-collar and open-front vest and shiny broadcloth dress-coat than would make a French ball. And the broad-shouldered, manly Samuel planted a brown business suit among 'em that showed up the physical imperfections of the surrounding snips as a headlight does the switchman's tallow dip. Sondheim is the man for the nervous woman to sit behind. She can survey his stalwart proportions and think with serenity of the small boy who will cry Fire! up-stairs and the big woman who will try to walk all over her in her orchestra seat. A woman will not throw herself on that manly neck for nothing. She will be twitched out bald headed, perhaps—very likely; but he'll see her through (even if she strikes out as far as New Haven).

Abie Hummel is another delightful person to sit behind in a theatre—he offers no obstruction to a clear view of proceedings, and though he could never carry you out in a panic, he could give you an instantaneous bit of advice that would save your bacon if acted on. But of all the persons attending theatres, defend me from the old fuss-and-feathers who used to do business in a Yankee town, married a third-rate hotel-keeper, retired with a fortune, and now sits up Sairey Ann and shows her breast-pin on all important occasions.

For what purpose did Booth originally construct the Twenty-third street theatre?

For what end did John Stetson engage the three graces, Frances, Georgiana and Wilhelmina?

For what were the electric lights all lit out side on Monday night?

To every one of these questions and a million more, Mrs. Melchisedec Muff would have answered: "That I might occupy a prominent seat and air myself and little Mel." And she did it. She settled her flounces, she turned her diamond bracelets, she put her wrap about her, and she took it off. She talked audibly of her friends around the house. She took Vernona Jarbeau's mother for Mrs. Parson Stevens, and she talked of Mrs. Delancey Kane with her weak eyes fixed on the adopted daughter of Charley Thorne. She sent Melchisedec out three times after eleven o'clock to see if "the horses were properly blanketed," and she aired the fact of keeping two men-servants to every one within a radius of twenty feet. She settled momentous society details with Mel, and asked him, in her manner, steam-engine tones, if he thought well of their "going to the Mandeville reception at Vanderbilt's," and Mel responded with some heavy club details that spoke well for the dignity of the Union League. I was just going out to fix up with an usher to send in word that the off horse had been taken with the croup and the coachman hadn't money enough for grease, when old fuss-and-feathers announced she had an early engagement at Tiffany's with Mrs. William Astor and took herself off, to everybody's intense delight.

Oh airs! insufferable airs! If people only knew how small an impression they make, I believe they would be left at home with account-books and pill-boxes and sick cats and other disagreeable things.

Then there are the disengaged professionals who go into interesting details concerning the last snaps they went out on. It's a comfort to be near such an actress as Ellie Wilton, who never by word or act betrays to an audience that she was ever on the other side of the footlights. She might be the wife of the Rev. Mr. Genesis, or the daughter of old Deacon Relations himself, for all her neighbors know.

But Monday night Miss Fresh on a front seat was in great force. According to her own account, Abbey had closed with Mary Anderson only after a hard struggle to get Miss F. to take Irving's place at the Lyceum. Salmi never could induce her to play in that polyglot company of his. Boucicault was worried nearly bald at the incompetency of Field's company, and how he was to cast The Amadis without her the unhappy dramatist was teasing out remaining hairs to know. The term "conception" and "creation" were so often on the young woman's lips that I began to think she was a sort of theatrical Virgin Mary, or a more important character, and looked round for Salmi Morse to advise him to drop his Jewish and Baptist minister and go for Miss Fresh, who seemed to be the whole combination he needed.

Oh! airs! airs! Pride of place and pride of person—of what small account are all the pompous people who chipper and flirt their feathers in the public eye! If we can only hang on to this dirt-pile long enough, we shall see the gloomy earth-worm sunning himself on proud head so full of airs to-day, and a colony of scheming ants carrying out their tiny plans above that breast that is swelling to-night with self-importance. If we don't possess the necessary gravitation, then the airy one will superciliously read our grave-stone and say:

"Really—dear me—dead—but what can you expect of such a person?"

I suppose it doesn't devolve on the Gusher to say that the worst Corsican Brother she ever saw, but one, was Charles Thorne's Fabien del Franchi; and the one exception was Charles Thorne's Louis del Franchi. She was glad she stopped for the transformation scene. She will never forget the peripatetic graveyard that swallowed the attenuated Thorne and gobbled Kate Meek's widow's weeds and Emily Rigl's petticoats. It was simply delicious; and I'm waiting to hear whether Thorne or Stetson devised that trick scene to know what to letter the leather medal with.

A while ago some heartless critic said Charles Thorne was losing the spring (or the fall!) to his back, and had too much girth for a young lover. I do believe Charles has been taking anti-fat or Banting himself. He's a physical wreck. You've heard of the very fat woman who got suddenly lean (and it wasn't Anna Borie either), and a friend said to another:

"Why, it must have improved her greatly."

And the other replied: "Not at all. She's like a dismantled church—the images are gone, but the niches all remain."

The gallant Thorne owed to his physique his success on the Union Square boards. Until he regains his noble breast-works; until he shows a more determined pair of legs; until he gets rid of a newly-acquired likeness to John Matthews, of "Gotham" memory, he will not repeat the triumphs of the past. But The Corsicans will prove amusing, if for no other reason than the nice variety show in which it is incorporated and the fat double Bill Thorne makes for Charley. (After the duel it's droll enough to see Charley led behind a tree, lean with woe and see him come round the other side swelled up with affliction.) And the transformation graveyard is jolly. THE GIDDY GUSHER.

Pen and Pencil.



It is often said that a good part makes a good actor and that a good actor makes a good part. Monday night at Booth's I saw a good actor fail to do justice to a good part. How do you account for that?

As a leading man, Charles Thorne towers head and shoulders above all his rivals. At the Union Square he scored success upon success. His acting in *The Danicheffs*, *Banker's Daughter*, *Daniel Rochat*, *False Friend* and other plays made an ineffaceable impression on all who saw it. But as the twin Corsican brothers, in *Pere Dumas'* melodrama, he did not satisfy the expectations of his admirers, and left an uncomfortable doubt in the mind of everybody whether he had not made an out-and-out failure.

There was a magnificent audience, such as is only seen at Booth's on occasions that are deemed vastly important. Boxes, gallery, balcony, dress circle and orchestra were completely filled, and the mass of standees at the back of the auditorium was so dense that late-comers had great difficulty in locating the aisles and elbowing a way through the crowd to secure a fair passage to their seats. Lively anticipations of something great were seen on the faces of even the veteran first-nighters. Manager Stetson's appetizing announcements and active preliminary work had not been without purpose.

The Corsican Brothers was a popular play in Fechter's time. It has since gone the way of many more good pieces that are not adapted to the taste of theatre-goers of this generation or to the style of acting at present in vogue.



"Chateau Renaud"

The plot is no doubt unfamiliar to many of my readers. Between Louis and Fabien dei Franchi there exists a stronger bond than ordinary fraternal affection. A singular spiritual affinity is shared by both. Louis is studying law in Paris—Fabien lives with his mother on their native island. Louis loves Emily DeLapierre, who has married an old Admiral. A polished *roué*, Chateau Renaud, determines to compromise the lady and thereby win her favor. At a *bal masqué* in the Opera House he lays a wager with some friends that he will take Emily to supper at four o'clock in the morning at the house of a profligate nobleman. Louis overhears the conditions of the bet and determines to be present. Emily, misled by Renaud's pretense that a sick friend has summoned her to the bedside, accepts his escort and is innocently taken to the supper-party. On finding out the trick she appeals for protection to Louis, who leaves her away. He is challenged for his interference by Chateau Renaud and falls in the forest of Fontainebleau by the sword



"Fabien dei Franchi"

of his skilful adversary. The brother in Corsica, by the spiritual power of vision with which he is gifted, sees the duel and at once starts for

Paris to avenge the death of Louis. By accident or fate Fabien encounters Chateau Renaud on the very spot in Fontainebleau wood where the duel took place. They fight fiercely. Renaud's sword breaks. To make the chances equal Fabien snaps his weapon across his knee. The duellists continue the combat with the broken blades bound with handkerchiefs to their hands. The Corsican stabs his opponent. The shade of Louis appears and together they look down upon the dead features of Renaud. Fabien then returns to Corsica to die in his ancestral home. His brother's ghost, again haunts his sight. The shock causes a rupture of the heart and he falls dead. The Corsican home disappears, disclosing a graveyard. The tomb of the Dei Franchi perambulates down stage and swallows up the body of Fabien. This ends the play.

A story so full of monstrous improbabilities as that of *The Corsican Brothers*, in the hands



of any dramatist, except a master like the elder Dumas, would be absurd. But the cunning of the great French writer avoided all such dangers, and his wondrous skill evolved a drama so intensely romantic, fascinatingly weird and absorbingly psychological that common sense and sober thought are put to rout. The situations are interesting and the tableaux thrilling. The action lapses too much, for the reason that too much plot is compressed in the drama.

Manager Stetson was led to bring out *The Corsican Brothers* by the remarkable success attending Henry Irving's revival of it in London. The Lyceum business and mounting were copied. The cast, with one or two exceptions, was strong. Thorne's performance of the dual characters was colorless. He played them too quietly. In steering clear of the evil of over-acting he went to the opposite extreme and underacted. In appearance he was the typical melodramatic hero—such an one as would captivate the imagination of romantic maidens. But he was nervous and not at all himself. Gossip in the lobby had it that the actor was suffering from the consequences of a severe attack of illness. If this be true, the absence of virility in his work can be easily accounted for. As Louis in the supper scene and as Fabien at the duel in Fontainebleau forest he put in his best efforts and won hearty calls before the curtain. These, however, were the only points where he did justice to his fine reputation. In all



"It must be a white hair"

else he did not rise above the level of mediocrity. A better combat I have never seen represented on the stage than that between Thorne and Frank Bangs in Act Five. The latter actor won much applause for his Chateau Renaud. Although he has grown bulky in person, he still retains enough comeliness of person to look the accomplished French gentleman. The only fault I have to find in his case is that he played with too much gentleness. Instead of arousing the indignation of the spectators as the deep-dyed villain, he performed the remarkable feat of enlisting their ardent sympathies, and enshrined himself in their regard as the hero or martyr of the drama. Such a result may always be expected when a leading man puts on a light wig to play a dark rascal. Mr. Bangs wore a head-gear of that kind.

It looked like old times to see George Parkes' name on the bill. He was assigned Montigiron, and he did the part excellently. They say that Parkes knits worsted mitts in the *entrances*, and hisps like a

town-bred dame in conversation; but he certainly manifests no such effeminacy on the



The light comedian

stage, and his graceful nonchalance and inimitable pantaloons never fail to lend *clat* to any performance into which he is pressed. Mr. Clinton Stuart, dear boy, played M. Meynard with such a Strand accent that nobody would suspect the home of the brave has an undeniable right to claim him as one of its birthrights. Having enjoyed an apprenticeship as scribe and actor in Mr. Irving's theatre, Mr. Stuart's acting is a glorious example of the school of the pampered pet of the British Metropolis, and therefore is unmistakably, grandly bad. Harry Saint Maur's Martelli was very good, and the sly guying it received now and then from certain members of the audience was wholly inexcusable. J. W. Shannon and Edward Lamb—whom stars and patrons in the late Moneybags venture—made distinctive hits respectively as Colonna and Orlando. They have but one scene, but they made it tell. Between the Colonna and Orlando families for nine years an old-fashioned Corsican vendetta has raged; in its progress nine men have been killed and a score wounded. Fabien dei Franchi, as arbitrator, brings about, with much difficulty, a reconciliation between the living representatives of the contestants. The feud originated over the death of a hen belonging to the Co-



A Corsican maid

lonna. The condition of peace is the restitution of the fowl. Colonna insists, before taking the hand of Orlando, that it shall be white and fat and like the deceased bird. The fowl is handed over. She is an educated biped and on Monday night she materially contributed to the humor of the situation by sundry timely clucks. The business of Lamb, when signing the bond of peace before the magistrate, and of himself and Shannon on making their exit just afterward, was capital and merited the burst of applause which followed. Emily DeLapierre was forcibly acted by Emily Rigel. She is an admirable actress. I rather like her accent; but I cannot say as much for the unrighteous contortions which her mouth is made to undergo when the lady is called upon to express emotion. Kate Meek—who is too good a leading lady to be playing old women—was a truly noble Madame Dei Franchi. Margaret Cone was a pretty Marie. The people who played the other minor parts were efficient.

On the scenery I have nothing but praise to bestow. Voegtlin and Clare—especially Clare—have done themselves and the theatre credit. The home of the Dei Franchi, street in Paris and forest of Fontainebleau by Voegtlin were excellent. I cannot speak as well for his graveyard set, which was very greenery-gallery, and stiff enough to give an artist painter's colic. Clare's interior of the Paris Opera House, embracing the entire large stage, was very effective. Its only blemish is the painted figures in the *loges*, which are life-size and look queer. The masquerade business in this scene was splendidly done, and the introduction of several specialties appropriate and entertaining. Some high-kickers gave an acrobatic dance and grotesque quadrille, the bird man imitated various creatures of the air to orchestral accompaniment, and a clever clown made a good deal of fun with a baricque elephant exhibition. These features tickled the audience, and were

vociferously redemanded; but the extreme length of the play did not admit of any *capers*.

Altogether the performance was an interesting one. If Thorne recovers his wonted power and improves a little on his Louis and Fabien, it will draw like a porous-plaster.

PEN.

Booth's Theatre Suddenly Closes

Booth's Theatre closed very suddenly last evening. A large audience had assembled on the second night of *The Corsican Brothers*, when the announcement was made that there would be no performance on account of the serious illness of Charles R. Thorne. The money was refunded. A rumor is current that Mr. Thorne is afflicted with cancer of the stomach.

The New Play at the Square.

The snow that flew in the streets yesterday made up its mind to moderate last night, and about eight o'clock the trip to the Union Square Theatre could be made with some degree of comfort. When the curtain rose on the first act of *A Parisian Romance* there were many empty seats in the house; but none were to be bought at the box-office. Twenty minutes later all previously vacant were filled and the audience presented a brilliant appearance—one of the fashionable Union Square first-night gatherings in fact.

The new play is by Octave Feuillet, an author of considerable fame, who has contributed several successful works to fiction and to the stage; of the latter the most notable were *The Sphinx* and *Led Astray*. The piece was first produced last Fall at the Gymnase, Paris, where it is still running to large business. The audience last night gave an unequivocal stamp of approval to Feuillet's work, which we in turn are able to heartily endorse. A description of the plot has already appeared in these columns and there is no need to recapitulate it. It only remains to speak with unqualified praises of Mr. Cazauran's translation. He has rendered the drama into good English and borne in mind what should be the aim of every good translator—a retention of the author's purposes and ideas. The English piece adheres closely to the French original. The company were carefully cast. The chief members received warm greetings on their appearance, particularly in the cases of Misses Jewett and Carey and Mr. de Belleville. The latter proved that he was worthy to play the leading parts at the Union Square. As Henry De Targy, his polished style of acting appeared to excellent advantage. Mr. de Belleville has previously been cast for heavy rôles; in his new part he has worked out for him more to his taste and talent. His performance showed that the ruler of the destinies of the Union Square need not look beyond his present company for a capable leading man. Joseph Whiting as Signor Juliani, John Parselle as Dr. Chesne, and Walden Ramsey as Tirandell (an amusing caricature of the *blat* swell of the city) were respectively good. Messrs. Fawcett, McLean and Cauffman, in small parts, did them well credit. Sara Jewett was radiant as Marthe, and she wore a gorgeous toilette in Act One that became her extremely well. She acted with intelligence and grace. Eleanor Carey as the Baroness had a good part and played it finely. Ida Vernon's make-up was striking, and she rendered the character of the Baroness with genuine dramatic power. Maude Harrison as Rosa Guerin, a *premiere danseuse*, has not much to do, but she did her duty conscientiously and made a pleasant impression in a part beneath her abilities. The setting was in the best style of the Union Square Theatre. What more need be said? Marston's brush was never used more effectively than in the beautiful set of the Hotel Chevalier, with a view of Paris by moonlight in the distance.

John Gilbert.

Robert Morrell, formerly of the Tourists, and a friend of John Gilbert, who lost his life in Milwaukee, was met by a MIRROR reporter yesterday. He informed the reporter that Mr. Gilbert was a member of the late Stanley's Allied Shows, which disbanded last week, and last season was with the Tourists. In a recent letter to his friend, poor Gilbert says: "No more variety biz for me. I have been engaged to play the leading male rôle with Minnie Palmer, commencing April 1. Until then I shall play a small part. I have been engaged to play Graham's part through England, as he wishes to star on his own account. Before I leave America I shall marry Blood (a pet name for his fiancée)."

Accident on the Rail.

CEAR RAPIDS, Ia., Jan. 10.—Train containing Lights of London company No. 1 met with collision this morning at 12.45. Thomas Scott, property man, killed; Jacob Moyer, scenic artist, arm broken; J. E. Dunbar and C. W. Bernard hurt. Scenery entirely destroyed. Company will lose no dates.

The Passion Play.

After having been refused a license to present his Passion Play, Salmi Morse rested on his oars for a few days; but on Friday last he again sought a license, this time from Mayor Edson. The latter gentleman was as prompt as his predecessor in refusing it. Mayor Edson told Mr. Morse that in his opinion the play was not one to be given to the public, as it was "obnoxious" to the majority. Then Mr. Morse and his burly counsel, William F. Howe, went before Judge Ingraham, in Supreme Court, Special Term, and prayed for a mandamus to compel the Mayor to issue a license. In the court-room Mr. Morse was deprived of the pleasure of quoting Scripture and flinging passages of Holy Writ at the magistrate. The Judge set down the hearing on the motion for a mandamus for Wednesday; but at that time the case was adjourned until to-morrow (Friday). Should this resource fail,

Morse threatens to carry the case up to a higher court. He says he will produce his Passion Play.

Changes at the Germania.

The Germania Theatre, or, as it was formerly called, Wallack's Theatre, appears to be in a bad way. The attempt to oust Manager Neundorff met with failure, and the manager has rather turned the tables by obtaining an injunction restraining the stockholders from foreclosing the mortgage on the house until April, when he will gracefully retire. What will then be done with the theatre is an open question. Report has it that Mr. Wallack has leased the place to Brooks and Dickson. A reporter for THE MIRROR called on Theodore Moss yesterday and asked if the rumor were true.

"It is not," was the reply. "You can safely assert that Brooks and Dickson have not leased the theatre."

"Is Mr. Wallack going to open it on April 1 with a portion of his own company?"

"You think Mr. Wallack is going to play an April Fool's joke, eh? No, sir; nothing has been decided on. It is too far ahead to talk about."

Notwithstanding this assertion, there remains scarcely a doubt but that the old Wallack's Theatre, after being furnished up, will be opened by Mr. Wallack, with a section of his company. After that he will play combinations, relying on his own company to fill in dates which have not been booked to outsiders.

Complimentary.

[St. Paul Daily Dispatch.]

A ROYAL NUMBER.—Mr. George H. Coe, Jr., the versatile St. Paul correspondent of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, has presented to the Dispatch a copy of the Christmas issue of that superb periodical. It is truly a royal number. It contains able and interesting articles from the pens of John McCullough, Fred Lyster, Joaquin Miller, Jennie June, Modjeska and other writers. THE MIRROR deservedly ranks highest among the dramatic periodicals of the country, and this splendid holiday issue is worthy of its name and fame.

Letters to the Editor.

ONLY ONE ELLIOTT BARNES.

NEW YORK, Jan. 9, 1891.

Editor New York Mirror:—Within the past week several professional people in this city have received letters (which they have handed to me) offering them engagements with "Byron's Fifth Avenue Combination" (a name that may be, said letters being headed "Byron's Fifth Avenue Combination"). As the purpose of this individual is evidently to defame the people into the belief that I am connected with said organization, I would be pleased if you would permit me, through your columns, to state my position and to state that I never heard of "Byron's Fifth Avenue Combination" before, and I have no connection with it in any manner or shape. I have already taken the necessary steps to protect myself, and I trust this notice will prevent others from being swindled. To save any misunderstanding in the future, I would state that my permanent address is 15 Union Square.

Sincerely yours,

ELLIOTT BARNES.

Personal.

SEATS.—The advance sale of season seats for the Cincinnati Opera Festival had up to the 6th inst. realized \$64,870.60.

COLVILLE.—Rumor has it that the Taken From Life combination will disband in a short time. Mr. Colville having concluded to take this decisive step.

GOODWIN.—Nat Goodwin has contracted to play Modus in *The Hunchback*, and the Grave-Digger in *Hamlet*, at the forthcoming Cincinnati Dramatic Festival.

VINING.—Miss E. Vining, the clever sou-brette of the Wyndham company, has been ill in Chicago. She was able to join the company in St. Louis last week.

DENIED.—Upon excellent authority—that of William Winter—it is denied that Clara Morris and Salvini will play together in *The Outlaw* at the close of the season.

LEWIS.—In June next Jeffreys-Lewis will go to England, where she intends to remain during the Summer. Next season she intends to star in the part she is now playing.

TAYLOR.—Tom Taylor, formerly treasurer of the Janaushek company, is now treasurer of the Romany Rye company, E. R. Jack having resigned that position.

LANGTRY.—The Chicago newspaper Philistines have arisen with one accord and gone for the Jersey Lily. We have more regard for her after this than we had before.

ROBERTS.—George H. Roberts has been transferred to the Romany Rye company as treasurer, and John T. Dickson has replaced him in the Wyndham troupe.

THORNE.—Charles R. Thorne, Sr., will shortly appear in *The Hunchback*, at a matinee at the Union Square Theatre. He will be supported by his three sons and his daughter Emily.

BROOKS.—Joseph Brooks leaves the city on Monday for an extended trip through the South, visiting Nashville, Louisville, and New Orleans, to inspect the theatres under the management of Brooks and Dickson.

WALLACK.—Tuesday night Wallack will play Hugh Chalcote for the last time, as the management have concluded to put up *She Stoops to Conquer*. This will give Rose Coghlan a chance to shine before burying herself in the new play.

LELAND.—Mrs. C. E. Leland, manageress of the Leland Opera House, Albany, played Cyrienne in *Divorçons* during the engagement of the Lingers in that city last week. The part was well played, and the lady's townspeople were generous in applause.

GILBERT.—Mr. John Gilbert, the basso of the Abbott company, who had a very unpleasant misunderstanding with Mr. J. H. Roswald, musical conductor of the same and husband of Julie of that ilk, in the Dutch borough of York, Pa., a fortnight ago, has made the *amende honorable* in a published card which shows that the affair was a misunderstanding in the strictest definition of the word.

SAN FRANCISCO.

NEW ORLEANS.

isn't been encouraging.

"Grand Opera House (Hanks and Norton, managers) has, until now, been the two weeks' engagement—the longest brought to this house by N. D. Roberts to fix his building dates. Business has been very bad during the last week. The company was expected to do well, but it hasn't. Next week one, or even two, more engagements have expected a very lucrative return for the management. Zazel, in her wise-walking and grand leap, has been doing very well. She has been working very hard, but she's not scored a tremendous hit here. Her manager has been somewhat careless, to say the least, in the way he's run the show. The company disbanded after the first week. On Sunday afternoon, the company will give what she calls a "Light Minstrel Show" at ten o'clock. The lady will be accompanied by some Russian and Mexican in leucous costumes, who will perform some of the Canadian dances. I don't know if the management is. During the

CLEVELAND.

PHILADELPHIA.

tional Theatre. M
ally also reign. C

Pope's Theatre (Charles R. Pope, manager): W. F. Gillette had another enormous week with *The Professor* and it seems to retain vitality enough to render the standard attraction. Some changes have been made; the cast, which, however, is not improved, while the Professor's make-up is not augmented by the addition of an obtrusive moustache, which does much towards spoiling the illusion of an eccentric prodant. Joseph Gallinger opens yth, and continues our week, supported by the Thalia Theatre co.

BOSTON.

BROOKLYN
[a was sent in B]

Mr. McCullough's rendition of the character of the man father is too well known to call for criticism. In a truly great performance, mellowed and toned by the years, the audience was in sympathy with the tragic hero, and the source of his misfortune was the great scene of the play, where Virginia, after killing his daughter, rushes off, with the knife still in her hand, awakes a torrent of applause that fairly shook the theatre. On Tuesday night he appeared as Othello, to a large audience, and, in the same interpretation of the jealous Moor. On Wednesday he appeared as Brutus, a character he has made peculiarly his own. The repertoire for the remainder of the week includes, on Thursday, Julius Caesar, the Gladiators and the Hunchback (Monsieur). Mr. McCullough is clearly an actor of an excellent class, including Joseph Hardy, Edmund Collier, Kate Forsyth and Mittens Willett. Next we have Romany Rye.

CINNAMATI

Coliseum Opera House (James E. Fennessey, manager of this house is favored by his patrons with the best and contains the most complete stock of specialties line, and is meeting with deserved encouragement. Harry Richmond's comb. terminated a successful week 7th. Clark and Williams' act as the Pullitzer comb producers being especially praiseworthy. 7th week, Davene's Allied attractions appear, followed by the Niles, Evans, Bryant and Hory comb. 8th week, Vine Street.

booked for Dec. 28, failed to appear; cause unknown.

American Theatre (Press Eldridge, manager) manager puts on his version of Pinocchio this week. A fine duo by the Virginia Trio, Harris and Jennie Welch. Laura Harris, Nellie La Verde, J. Walcott, Benjie, and the Virginia Trio. Fields, Leslie, Carl Heyer, Jennie Robinson, Emma Thurston, Clara Lloyd and others will continue the career of the house.

HARTFORD.

Roberts' Opera House (W. H. Roberts, manager). Youth, by the Boston Theatre co., 2d and 3d. under

auspices of the First Co., Governor's Foot Guard

[The page contains faint, illegible markings.]

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, EDITOR

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

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Abbott, Nettie
Allen, Harry
Ashby, Lillian
Barlow and Wilson
Bloom, Ed.
Brisac, N. S.
Barton, Mons.
Burt, E. A.
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Booth, Edwin (s)
Benson, Wood
Barney, A. N.
Butler, Wm.
Brignoli, Sig.
Colton, Harry
Cauffman, Alex.
Clark, May
Clapham, Harry
Chapman, J. M. (s)
Cherie, Adelaide
Coghlan, Rose
Carhart, J. L.
Collier's Stand, Op. Co.
Clark, Grace
Curren, P.
Callender's, Consolidated
Cole, J. A.
Conroy, J. B.
Carson, Emma
Cole, Arthur
Carleton, W.
Drau, J. F.
De Vernon, Frank
Dairs, A. W.
Dennahy, J. W.
D'Arcy, H. A.
Downing, J. J.
Darling, Bead, Mgr.
Don, Laura (s)
Delmore, Ralph
DeSerra, Estelle
Eganice, Will
Elbert, D. D.
Frobisher, Prof. J. E.
Forster, Archie
Forester, Fannie
Freeman, Lottie
Floyd, Mgr.
Freeman, Chas.
Freeman, Max
Falko, Emma (s)
F. A. Chasak
F. A. L. (s)
F. A. L. (s)
Gill, Wm. L.
Gray, Miss
Goodwin, Nat.
Gunter, Archie
Gaylor, Chas.
Goodwin, Frank L.
Gourlay, John
Hyatt, Clara
Howe, J. S.
Hazelton, Florence
Hinton, S. H. (s)
Hunter, Adelaide
Hogan, John
Holden, A.
Havlin, J. H.
Harris, Hamilton
Harrison, James
Hall, Pauline
Irwin, Mrs. Selden

*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

An Important Step.

The articles in THE MIRROR on one-night stands have aroused the managers in those places to action. The necessity for prompt, concerted measures which will remedy the abuses that are rapidly ruining the small towns for theatrical business, has at last begun to find general recognition and promise of gratifying results in the near future is given. In Ohio the seed of reform has already taken root. Mr. Bennett, proprietor of the Opera House at Urbana, invited the managers of the theatres in Lima, Kenton, Akron, Canton, Defiance, Youngstown, Salem, Newark, Zanesville, Chillicothe, Portsmouth, Ironton, Xenia, Piqua, Sidney, Troy and Bellefontaine to gather in formal convention at the last named town on Tuesday for the organization of a permanent association, every member of which pledges himself to play but one attraction a week in his town. This is a most important step and in the right direction. It is what we have been vigorously advocating, and it is the only salvation for the one-night stands. With one company a week, the Ohio towns will be a source of profit to resident and visiting managers alike. Discouraging recitals will no longer be the rule, nor will the hitherto overshadowed inhabitants be accused of paying insufficient attention to the drama.

We congratulate the managers of Ohio for their enterprise and good sense, and now that they have broken the ice we hope to see their brethren elsewhere emulating their example. There is no reason why similar associations should not be formed in every State with the same object in view. In the full preceding the busy date of next Summer, there is time to take action decisively in this matter. We earnestly to impress upon country managers the importance of the profession and the benefit to the whole, the universal action. The

plan is simple, and must commend itself to every man who is blessed with foresight and business tact.

Having fostered the idea unaided, THE MIRROR will await further developments, like those reported from Ohio, with satisfaction.

Anglomania.

Twenty years ago we were nothing if not French. Now we are British to the backbone. We wear English clothes, drive English dog-carts, T-carts, broughams, Victorias and mail-coaches. We are learning to haw-haw; we sport Dent's dog-skin gloves, buttonhole bouquets and white felt hats in the Spring and Summer. Especially do our young actors ape our British kindred.

Really, some of them are more English than the English themselves. We could name some juvenile dramatic blossoms, or rather buds, who have the sweetest Piccadilly patter we ever heard, even in London town itself. Some even go so far as to drop their h's; but that is the crowning charm only to be attained by those of the inner brotherhood.

New we ourselves admire infinitely the "well of English undefiled," and utterly repudiate and abhor the car-offending drawl and sub-acid tone of the back-country Yankee; but we equally refuse to accept bastard Cockneyisms and Pall-Mall Club slang, and while we reverence Addison and Macaulay, and Thackeray, and are willing to revere them as models of language, we don't want to have Ouida or Clement Scott forced down our throats by callow fledglings who have caught up a strange song and sing it badly.

Old School Bosh.

There is a great deal of bosh talked and written concerning the lost school of acting, the degeneracy of the art in these latter days, the wonderful genius of passed-away actors, and the hopelessness of ever seeing worthy successors to the great men of the good old times.

There are always *Laudatori temporis acti*—praisers of former days—who will not admit that anything new can be good. Because they enjoyed things more in their hot youth than they do in their chill old age, they fancy that things were better then than now. Whereas, the truth is that the art dramatic, like all other arts and sciences, advances with the advancement and develops with the development of man.

The stilted style that pleased our great-grandfathers would bore us consumedly; and were Mrs. Siddons or John Kemble to appear before us in their most renowned characters, a modern audience would incontinently go to sleep. Palgrave Simpson, the well-known dramatist, now a man of three score and ten, or more, and who has seen every actor for the last sixty years, told us once that he very much preferred the modern natural school to the ancient artificial one—the whole gist of which was to mould the young aspirant into the conventional shape, even as the swaddling clothes of the period "cabined, cribbed and confined" the wretched babies whose plastic bones were enclosed in their rigorous embraces. A "school of acting" means a servile imitation of some established forms and deified models, outside of which there is no artistic salvation; an artificial mode of action and speech which, at last, comes to be as far removed from nature as Watteau's shepherdesses are from the bare-legged lasses of real pastoral life, or as the sailor of the stage differs from the sailor of the fore-castle deck.

A dramatic education in former days meant a gradual and painful ascent from the lowest round of the ladder, performed in the manner in vogue at the period and prohibited from the least exercise of free will or natural genius. The actors of the past were well-drilled slaves; those of the present are spontaneous freemen. There is a wider gap now between excellence and mediocrity, and there lacks the bridge of conventionality to arch over the chasm; but there is more of nature by a thousand degrees and as all art is, or ought to be, imitation of nature, we are by so much the gainers.

The law of development holds good in art as in nature. The world progresses, and we progress with it, croakers to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Drama in All Ages.

In our next issue we purpose to give a series of brief articles on the origin and history of the Drama from its birth in the mists of ages, through its infancy in the dawn of civilization, and its youth in the Middle Ages, to its glorious maturity in modern times. The facts upon which the historical account is based will be derived from authentic sources not available to

the multitude by reason of the antiquity of the languages in which the early records of the Drama are written and the extreme scarcity of the said records. A fortunate chance has opened this mine of rare and curious information to us, and we intend to work it to the best of our ability, confident that such a rich vein of precious ore will amply repay our labor and pains in the interest it will create and satisfy in the minds of our readers.

The Milwaukee Holocaust.

Among our telegraphic dispatches will be found the particulars of the terrible disaster at Milwaukee, in which there was terrible loss of life. Two professionals, (a bride and groom) lost their lives, several were injured, several were rescued from imminently perilous positions and all lost their personal effects.

The proprietors of the Newhall House advertised that their establishment was thoroughly guarded against accident by fire; that proper exterior escapes and a squad of drilled employees were provided in case of danger. Nevertheless, more than fifty people were devoured like caged rats by the flames in an incredibly short time, and without the slightest chance to escape.

Had the Newhall House been equipped as thoroughly in reality as it was in the advertisements, it seems plain to us that the holocaust would have been averted. There are hundreds of hotels throughout the country that are quite as unsafe as the burnt one was. They are being constantly patronized by the members of combinations, whose lives are sufficiently jeopardized in their travels on the rail without being exposed to additional and unnecessary risk in places where they tarry overnight. The authorities are rigid enough in examining theatres and making the owners comply with every requirement of the law. The safety of the audience is carefully ensured; the safety of the actor is of quite as much moment.

In the interest of the latter, as well as that of all classes of travelers, immediate examinations of the hotels should be made, and all necessary precautionary measures rigorously enforced.

Personal.



BYRON.—But few professionals, if any, in the United States are better known than Oliver Doud Byron, the gentleman whose picture appears above. The chief play in his repertoire, *Across the Continent*, is as popular to-day as when first produced, away back in the 'sixties. Mr. Byron opens the new Opera House at Union City, Pa., next Tuesday night.

KING.—Rehearsals of *The Silver King* began last Thursday.

FLORENCE.—Mr. and Mrs. Florence started on the road again Monday.

MCCULLOUGH.—John McCullough is stopping at the Sturtevant this week.

PUFF.—A dealer on the Square retails a cigar known as the "Actor's Paralysis."

HERMANN.—The prestidigitator will play a return engagement in this city next May.

DICKSON.—James B. Dickson will leave for Philadelphia to-day to superintend the Roman Rye.

JEFFERSON.—Joseph Jefferson closes his season in Texas next week. It has been very prosperous.

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell is slowly convalescing. When doctors disagree the patient generally gets well.

GORRIED.—Gill's Goblins were gobbled up by public indifference, disbanded, and returned to town Monday.

SALOME.—Olive West, the original Salome of the Passion Play, arrived in New York from San Francisco Monday morning.

RHEA.—Manager Chase has just arranged for his star to play Beatrice to the Benedick of Lawrence Barrett at the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival.

EYRE.—James Eyre, the cotton broker whose leg was broken in the Morton House scrimmage, is progressing rapidly toward recovery.

LINGARD.—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lingard made a visit of sympathy to Lillian Ashby, the injured member of their company, at Boston last week.

TITLE.—No one can dispute the Stuyvesant's right to its title. A lineal descendant of the historic Peter has joined the club.

CORBETT.—Helen Corbett made a favorable impression last week as Sam in the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, and Blanche in *The Mighty Dollar*, at the Grand Opera House.

VOKES.—In Boston, Fred Vokes had some trouble with clamorous creditors; but he adjusted things amicably, and came out well ahead on his engagement at the Hub.

MONTAGUE.—Annie Montague, who played small parts with Charlotte Thompson two seasons ago, is sick and destitute in Brooklyn. She has applied to the Actors' Fund for relief.

HAWORTH.—Joseph Haworth will receive a warm reception when he plays in Boston next week with McCullough. Haworth was connected with the Museum company for several seasons.

BOOKWALTER.—Hon. John W. Bookwalter, late candidate for Governor of Ohio, and proprietor of the Grand Opera House at Springfield, is in Turkey. He returns home in September.

OWENS.—John E. Owens will probably leave the Madison Square management next season and star on his own account. He has been more successful in the stock of late than as an individual attraction.

GILMOUR.—Charles B. Welles has been replaced by J. H. Gilmour in the part of Lord Travers with the Hazel Kirke party now in New England. Mr. Welles is transferred to an Esmeralda detachment.

STODDART.—Mr. and Mrs. George W. Stoddart, the parents of Mrs. Neil Burgess, are passing the Winter in Rome. Mr. Stoddart returns to the stage next season. Mrs. Stoddart has permanently retired.

MORSE.—Salmi Morse says he has forty original dramas of his own composition ready to produce if the *Passion Play* is not allowed. Surely, with forty nightmares in prospect, Morse's Hall should not get a license.

CURTIS.—A newspaper called *The Drummer* has been started in Cincinnati. As the name signifies, it is devoted to the interest of commercial travelers. The heading is appropriately embellished with a picture of M. B. Curtis as Sam'l.

SUNDAY.—At the Sunday concert in the Casino there was a distinguished audience present. Among other notabilities were General Sickles and Judge Brady in a box. A. M. Palmer and John McCaul represented our managers.

CONNERY.—The profession will be interested to learn that Connery is no longer managing editor of the *Herald*. Bennett has made him President of the new Anglo-American News Company. Edward Flynn, of the *Telegram*, now occupies his place.

WEBB.—Harriet Webb, finding that the Penal Code and her Sunday night readings would conflict, has changed the entertainments to Wednesday nights, beginning January 17. The programmes will be varied, including vocal and instrumental music.

HOAX.—The notice sent out for a meeting of American professionals at the Morton House Sunday night to "assist" at Osmond Tearle's reappearance was of course a hoax. Frank L. Gardner may not be at the bottom of it. But he is in town.

LLOYD.—J. S. Lloyd has written a comic opera called *Pompeii*, which will be produced before long at Tweddle Hall, Albany, by amateurs of that city. The plot—like the author—is American. Amateurs will interpret the work. That settles it.

BOOTH.—Edwin Booth writes that owing to the severe illness of his daughter—which renders it impossible for him to leave the South of Europe—he has been obliged to cancel his Berlin and other German engagements. Mr. Booth will turn homeward late in the Spring.

SENSE.—The police showed rare good sense in neglecting to meddle with Aronson's concert Sunday evening. We should not be surprised if the reactionary feeling inspired by the Blue Laws would bring about legislation in favor of Sunday amusements before long.

WILLIAMS.—Jesse Williams has written the ballet and incidental music for *Courage*, and Archie Gunter is delighted with it. The latter is now in Boston superintending rehearsals. *Courage* is a comedy-drama, and the scene is laid in the United States and the West Indies.

ST. QUENTIN.—Lizzie St. Quentin, who is with the Hess Opera troupe in the South, creates a favorable impression wherever she appears. The Southern press give her unstinted praise for her singing and acting in the various roles she assumes in the Acme repertoire.

DOWNING.—The leading man of Mary Anderson's company entertained that lady and others at dinner at his parents' home in Washington last Wednesday. On Friday night, during the performance of *The Lady of Lyons*, the members of the Columbia Boat Club presented him with a floral shell.

MORDAUNT.—Frank Mordaunt has got the nautical lingo down to a fine point. He writes from the interior of Indiana as follows to THE MIRROR: "Old Shipmates has not met any squalls to speak of. Our sails are all set for the haven of prosperity. All the crew are well. Bound for the port of St. Louis next week. Wish you all sorts of good luck for the New Year."

COGHLAN.—Contrary to expectation, Rose Coghlan's part in the forthcoming play at Wallack's is not a good one. Again our Rose must blush unseen. John Gilbert has an inferior character in it, too—a Cockney servant. The names of the favorite leading lady and sterling old man will, however, lend strength to the production.

CLEVES.—On our first page we print the picture of Lillian Cleves, an emotional actress of much merit. She has been handicapped lately by an incompetent company, but with a new one of excellent material and with handsome printing, she will begin another tour in a few days, playing Mercy Merrick, Pauline and other parts in which she has met with the most success.

BELASCO.—David Belasco will remain in San Francisco six weeks. He took out Fred Marsden's new drama, and it is possible may try it there; but this will depend entirely upon circumstances. Mr. Belasco also has with him the comedy by Howard-Taylor which the latter submitted to the Madison Square some months ago. He will be here again the latter part of February.

DAVENPORT.—Fanny Davenport writes THE MIRROR that she has got three or four new plays in hand, and she will present one or more of them on her return to this country and the beginning of her tour in this city next Fall. She has just begun a short provincial trip in England, opening at Liverpool. Her company is largely made up of recruits from Osmond Tearle's disbanded troupe.

FRAUD.—A fraud has been circulating through Nebraska, representing himself to be Ada Gray's advance agent. In Omaha he fleeced two hotel-keepers, a printer, a livery-stable man, secured railroad passes, and borrowed money from several people. Edward L. Bloom is the authorized agent of Miss Gray, and those interested should look out for the impostor, who is still at large.

GOODWIN.—There are silver threads among Frank L. Goodwin's raven locks. They have put in an appearance since last September, and are due to the agony of several interviews with Lester Wallack, at which unavailing attempts were made to secure the right to play *La Belle Russe* in New York. Wallack intends to do Belasco's piece again, probably before the end of this season.

CLANCY.—Laura Clancy, who is in Southern California, writes us that she is fast recovering her health, and is gaining strength in that salubrious climate every day. As her illness was of a grave character, and fears of its result were generally entertained, the gratifying news contained in Miss Clancy's letter will be read with interest by the professional and non-professional friends of that lady.

MATHEWS.—Cornelius Mathews' articles entitled "Half-a-Century," and commenced this week, will be illustrated from time to time by William Page, N. A., Walcott, Blondell, F. O. C. Darley, J. L. Petrie, and S. S. Knapp, besides some drawings especially made for the author by F. O. C. Darley, John M'Lennan, and the famous illustrator of Dickens and Thackeray, "Phiz" (Hatlett K. Browne).

CALHOUN.—Eleanor Calhoun has been spending the holidays with her mother in San José, California. She has been quite ill from the effects of the long journey from Europe to the Slope. Miss Calhoun opens at the Haymarket, London, Jan. 30, in Sardou's latest play, *Fedora*. She is engaged to the Haymarket management for eighteen months. Irving made her an offer to go with him through the provinces; but she preferred to remain in London.

MCCALL.—Lizzie McCall, although she has taken every possible precaution against it—even going so far as to change her *nom de theatre*—has not escaped the malice of certain newspaper-writers. Several of these assail her, bringing up the grave charge under which she stood for some time, but from which she was honorably exonerated. These cowardly assaults upon a woman we are sure will be resented by reputable journalists. Miss McCall has behaved in a sensible manner, and has avoided rather than sought profit by notoriety.

CLARKE.—The controversy between Edwin Clifford and Lottie Clarke is, as we hinted last week, growing tiresome. Before closing our columns to a discussion that has developed nothing but recrimination, we must in justice to Mrs. Clarke rectify an error that inadvertently crept into a recent interview. The lady did not say that Dr. Galloway told her that Clifford used his Masonic connection to further his business projects, but that Kent, Clifford's stage-manager, so informed her. Now, in the interest of reader, editor, compositor and everybody else, we positively decline wasting any more valuable space in this matter.

HARRIS.—Why should Charles Harris take a benefit at the Standard on January 24? His services as a chorus manipulator, we doubt not, have always been paid for by the manager by whom he is employed. Then why a benefit? The scene-painter, the costumer, the wig-maker, the musical conductor, the gas-man, the programme-boy, the calcium light operator, the libretto-hawker—any or all of these things as good a claim to a "testimonial" as Charles Harris, for they have given their labors for hire, as he has, to assist the production. For a time the benefit nuisance has been abated; we are sorry to see it breaking out again so early in the year.

The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

It seemed as if every other person in the audience at Booth's Monday night was afflicted with pulmonary complaint. An old lady just behind me started the concert. She gave a short, shrill bark. Immediately, from a point a little in front, came back an answering bronchial growl in very low G. A tenor cough instantly yelled out a high C in the gallery. Next followed a double quartette in all voices—diphtheritic, laryngeal, pneumonic, lungy and otherwise. Then the singular music ceased for a while. But before long it was resumed with additional vigor. This time it resembled a grand historical musical cyclone of frogs at night on the banks of a stagnant mill-pond, with special treble chorale accompaniment of tree-toads and locusts. In one part of the auditorium the *hassi* rumbled, elsewhere the *tenori* almost split their throats in coughing spasms that equalled the paroxysms of the unfortunate lover in Sydney Rosenfeld's "Ballad of Bilda Bonn." Then there were baritone explosions, soprano squeaks and alto reports. A minor key of epizootic snuffle was kept up meanwhile by a numerous corps of auxiliaries. The place was more like a ward in the New York Hospital than a theatre. By-and-by the music subsided, to break out again at irregular intervals. The strangest thing about it was that although the sounds were often so audible as to drown the voices of the actors, nobody except myself appeared to take note of what was going on. The ears of the New Yorker are so accustomed to the noises emanating from an epidemic of coughs and colds, that I suppose he is almost oblivious of them. If any more audiences at Booth's manifest such alarming tendencies to interfere with the performance of The Corsican Brothers, I would strongly advise Stetson to buy up cheap the stock of some bankrupt drug-store, and then have the stuff distributed by his ushers to all in need of it.

Clara Morris is announced for seven performances this week at the Grand Opera House. It has always been her custom to give but six, on account of uncertain health. The management, however, anticipating a possible disappointment, are rehearsing the company in Miss Multon, the titular character of which Katherine Rogers will play in case of Miss Morris' inability to appear.

By the bye, I have it on excellent authority that during the long waits that Miss Morris imposes upon her indulgent audiences, the star is not always receiving hyperdermic injections of morphia, as they sympathetically imagine, but often is chatting amiably with friends in her dressing-room. If this be true, it should be generally known, for the patience of a large gathering of people certainly ought not to be taxed by that sort of trifling.

Lord Mandeville went down to Niblo's Monday evening to see The White Slave. After the performance, Tom McDonough and Bartley Campbell, anxious to hear his lordship's opinion of the play, accosted him in the lobby with "Well, how did you like it?"

"Very much," replied the nobleman. "I was anxious, you know, to see a play that would give me an idea of the customs and life in the South."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Campbell. "Yes," continued Mandeville; "I married an American lady, you know, and am therefore interested in every foot of your land."

"To be sure," said Campbell. "The South is a great country—see? There's much in it—eh?—that should interest an Englishman like yourself—see?"

"Of course; of course," answered the nobleman, who had not caught on to Bartley's "see!" and "eh!" and probably imagined they called for some reply. "I am going down South shortly. My uncle owns large estates there. The people are very hospitable, are they not?"

"Oh, yes; very."

"And there is very fine shooting?"

"Capital shooting," replied Mr. McDonough, "and most excellent stabling, too."

It took Lord Mandeville some moments to see the fun in Tom's remark; but when he did he laughed long and loud, and asked the author and the manager to take a democratic drink, which, it is unnecessary to add, they did.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett, in my humble judgment, is not worth a string of beans as an actor of Shakespearean characters. He has a certain class of admirers, especially in the West, composed of people who are too evidently unable to distinguish between good and bad legitimate acting. Mr. Lawrence Barrett, however, is a mighty student, which goes a great ways with those that are not students. By hard work and close application to business he became a star, and then performed a feat more marvellous than any of storied Hercules—he made lots of folks believe he was a great tragedian, while you and I knew perfectly well that he was nothing but a humbug. For this accomplishment he deserves our universal admiration and respect. But he has not treated Tom McKee with the courtesy becoming a student (I was going to say an actor, but I won't). I have never seen Mr. Keene act, but report speaks well of his performances. It would not be surprising to find that he is a better representative of Richelieu, Hamlet and

Richard than his rival. Mr. Barrett accepted an engagement, you may remember, to take part in the Dramatic Festival at Cincinnati the first week of May. Mr. Miles suggested to William Hayden that it would be a good thing for Keene to participate in the affair. The latter agreed and Hayden cancelled several dates in order to fulfill the engagement. On hearing of this, Barrett wrote Miles that he would not play in the Festival with Keene, but assigning no reason for this discourteous action. The Festival people, forced to an issue, decided to retain Barrett and let Keene go.

Messrs. Hayden and Keene are naturally indignant about the matter. If Barrett has the slightest regard for the professional amenities he will delay not a moment in stating the reasons for his refusal to act with Keene. That is a duty he owes to himself, the gentleman who has been slighted, the profession and the public. If he concludes to give his reasons, I think I shall be able to answer them if they are what I suspect them to be.

Hazel Kirking Under Difficulties.

"Did we play Hazel Kirke at Rahway on Saturday night?" said Manager Frank L. Bixby of a Hazel Kirke company, in reply to the question of a MIRROR reporter yesterday. "Well, I should say we did, and it was all acting too, you may be sure. You see, our baggage was delayed coming through Philadelphia, and the railroad company, in order that it might reach Rahway on time for our performance, sent out a special engine and baggage-car with it on board. Some little distance this side of Philadelphia, as the engine was speeding along, it struck a broken rail, there was a general smash-up, props and scenery were jammed together and a sudden stay of proceedings ensued.

"We knew nothing of all this and were engaged in preparing to present the woes of Hazel, when at seven o'clock, just as the doors were about to open, I received a telegram stating that our baggage would not be there. This left us in a truly perplexing predicament; we had neither scenery, properties nor wardrobe. However, I made up my mind to submit the proposition to the people, whether they would have Hazel Kirke in pure and unadulterated acting or take back their money and have no performance at all. At eight o'clock I looked over the house and found a good-sized audience, so I went before the curtain and submitted the case to them. To a man, they elected to 'see the show.' The only available wardrobe, outside of street-dress, in the company was an umbrella, carried by one of the ladies, and a small travel-stained money-bag belonging to me—not a heavy wardrobe to dress a company with. However, we were going to play Hazel Kirke, so there was a hasty 'swapping' of clothes and gathering up of 'props' such as we could get, and then we rung up the curtain. Now probably this wouldn't have been funny had the play been an unknown one; but you know Hazel Kirke is familiar to every man, woman and child in the country.

"To start with, W. L. Denison as Joe, the miller, had no miller's dress, nor any bags to mark; but that didn't matter. Joe was well enough in his shirt sleeves, and he had a box to mark instead of bags. Then Dolly Pike came on as Mercy, a convenient handkerchief having been improvised into a kerchief, and powder on the hair being substituted for a wig, and so she did nicely. Nellie Irving as Dollie Dutton didn't suffer so much from the absence of her trunks, although her dress was a little longer than usual. So far it was all right; but when John Thaxter, the Mit, made his appearance in a fashionably cut suit, tight pants and all, and with a derby hat borrowed from one of the boys, we taxed the imagination of the audience pretty strong. Charles Wheatley's make-up for Dunstan consisted, in addition to his street dress, of a blue and white silk handkerchief, borrowed from one of the ladies, and a light overcoat, of which our baggage man was the happy owner. Belle Archer travels in a brown jersey, with a plaid skirt and common-sense shoes. This dress didn't exactly suit Hazel Kirke's condition; but necessity knew no law, and it had to do. But George Charles, the Barney, was gorgeously gotten up in a pair of black and white striped pants, a cutaway coat and the manager's high silk hat hastily donned. Herbert Archer as Travers and Joseph Frankau as Pittacus smiled serenely at the balance of the company in the first act. We don't need anything but street clothes, they said. But the foolish young men gave no thought to the second act, a year later on. Melbourne McDowell dispensed with Rodney's top boots and whip, and by changing his watch from one pocket to another became Rodney to the very life.

"The first act came to a close, and the second opened with Miss Kate Morris as Clara, the maid, attired in a dress with brown velvet skirt—rather a rich costume for an ordinary servant; but the expression she gave to the towel she used in lieu of a duster made you forget her attire. But I know the audience must have smiled when Rodney entered and exclaimed: 'Here she is, surrounded by luxury,' etc. The luxury consisted of a plain, very plain, chamber set, embellished with four ordinary chairs and a small stand, on which rested two matches and a cigarette. But now comes Margaret Hatch, as Lady Travers, 'rich and grand,' in a poke bonnet. A little powder made her look rich, and Miss Archer's silk wrap gave her an air of grandeur seldom—if ever—seen on the stage. In the meantime, were they idle in the dressing-rooms? Oh, no. Frankau had sought vainly for something to change for the second act, and finally settled on Archer's hat and the umbrella I have mentioned. McDowell had borrowed the hat worn by Barney, and Archer was resplendent in Joe's tile, and all went 'merry as a marriage bell'; but after Miss Archer, having worn the same clothes in which she left home through all her happy married life, finally went off to drown herself in the same raiment, Herbert Archer, as Lord Travers, felt that he could not carry on the illusion without the emblems of mourning usually worn by the unhappy Arthur. At the last moment, when almost in despair, a happy thought struck him. He took out his watch, reversed the watch chain, showing the black back, and lo! his mourning was complete.

"I don't know whether they all traded their clothes back, as they should have done, with the proper owners; but I believe they will all get back to where they started from in the course of time. But this I do know, that not a person left the house during the performance, and we were not called upon to refund a cent, and a better presentation of Hazel Kirke was never seen."

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Flash to Us from Everywhere.

The Milwaukee Horror.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 10.—The Newhall House, at the corner of Michigan street and Broadway, took fire shortly before 4 A.M. to-day, and before daylight was a heap of charred ruins. There was great loss of life, first reports putting it at one hundred, later rumors putting it at seventy-five, and still later at fifty. The house has long been designated a "death-trap." Many of the guests were killed by jumping from the windows. The scene was appalling. John Gilbert and wife of the Minnie Palmer company were among the lost. W. H. Crompton, W. H. Lavelle, Mattie Dunley and Amelia Herbert, of the Madison Square, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb are among the saved. The Thumbs had a very narrow escape. The rest of the company were at the Kirby House. Mrs. Blecker is lost.

The above despatch was sent by our correspondent at Milwaukee at nine o'clock yesterday morning. Of course, at that hour the full extent of the calamity was unknown. The Newhall House was a six-story structure, and was built twenty-six years ago. It contained three hundred rooms, and at the time of its completion was the largest and finest hotel in the West.

A Milwaukee Sunday newspaper contains this advertisement:

NEW HALL HOUSE, J. F. ANTIDEL & SON, Proprietors. Great Reduction in Rates. Note—Bake and Dwight's patent fire escape provides means of exit from every floor in case of emergency. The hotel employees are kept in constant training as a fire department, and every floor is supplied with water and hose.

John Gilbert had been selected to replace R. E. Graham in Minnie Palmer's company. He was married on Tuesday, and the young couple were cut off in their honeymoon. The Palmer company, by reference to our Dates Ahead, were to appear in Milwaukee 8th, 9th and 10th. It was about this time last year that the World building, this city, was destroyed with appalling loss of life, and the scene at the Milwaukee holocaust was very similar.

The Madison Square company was on its way to Sheboygan, Wis., to play Esmeralda. They had played at Waukegan, Ill., the night before. Another Esmeralda contingent will reach Milwaukee to-day (11th.)

A Missing Actor Found.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 10.—A few weeks ago the following alarm was sounded by Frank Mayo through the post-offices of the Southwest:

DISAPPEARED.—On Dec. 16, 1892, disappeared in San Antonio, Tex., one M. N. Haviland, a member of my dramatic company. Age 45; height, 5 feet 8 inches, dark brown hair, moustache slightly tinged with grey. When last seen, wore plaid slater of a very peculiar pattern of cloth and a black derby hat. He is slightly insane; is of a very nervous temperament. Any information in regard to him will be thankfully received. Kindly address any of the parties below.

When last heard of was at Columbus, Tex.
J. E. RIELLY,
Manager Opera House, Houston, Tex.
L. E. SPENCE,
Manager Opera House, Galveston, Tex.
Or CHIEF OF POLICE,
New Orleans, La.
FRANK MAYO.

Postmasters will please put this in a conspicuous place.

F. B. Warde sends word to the *Pittsburg* that he found Haviland in a hospital at Houston.

Mestayer's Tourists are doing a rushing business at the Academy. Jefferson is filling the orchestra chairs every night at the Grand.

Rhea at the National Capitol.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Lotta opened at the National to a very good house Monday, playing Musette.

Rhea opened in Adrienne to a fine and very enthusiastic audience at Ford's. She showed very little signs of fatigue, although by a failure to make a connection en route from Buffalo, she did not arrive in the city until 1.10 P.M. She played Hester Grazebrook last night to a fair though not a large house. Snow was falling outside, and the evening was very disagreeable. Manager Chase has just received a telegram from Cincinnati announcing that arrangements have been perfected by which Mile. Rhea will play Beatrice to Lawrence Barrett's Benedick at the coming Festival.

Business at Comique is good.

Pullman's New Theatre.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—The new theatre at Pullman, 14 miles from here, was opened on Monday night with an address by General Woodford, followed by Esmeralda by the Madison Square company. Three hundred people went from this city on special train, including General Sherman and staff, Prof. Swing and ex-Senator Trumbull. The party occupied fifteen Pullman palace cars. The affair was a complete success. Esmeralda was splendidly played, and there were recalls after every act. Charley Frohman was present.

The Quaker City.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 10.—William Tell drew a good audience at the Academy Monday evening. Signor Mierzwinski made, as Arnoldo, his second appearance, and strengthened the impression made as Rhadames. He has a noble

voice, and is a fine artist. Mapleson's programmes are at best somewhat uncertain. Valerger was substituted for Mile. Juch in the above opera. The Colonel does not seem to believe in programmes, and if one wishes to know anything about the cast the libretto of the opera must be purchased.

Catherine Lewis, as Bettina, in La Mascotte, drew a well-filled auditorium at the Opera House. Her impersonation of the rôle is clever. Floral tokens of favor encouraged Miss Lewis, who is supported by a fair company. Jeannie Winston scored a success in Fatinitza at the Arch. Romany Rye is still drawing big houses. Iolanthe is seeing its last nights at the Lyceum; but nothing new is announced.

Frank Evans, in The Galley Slave, drew a big house at the Museum. Evans is a great favorite here, and Annie Tiffany was warmly welcomed. Francesca Guthrie, who appears as Lydia at the Arch, introduces at the beginning of third act of Fatinitza a very beautiful romance entitled "Ask Me No More." George P. Kimball, of this city, who is well known as the president of the Cecilia, is the composer.

Karl Laid Up.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

KOKOMO, Ind., Jan. 10.—The C. A. Gardner Karl company was to have appeared here last night; but the performance was indefinitely postponed on account of the illness of Mr. Gardner, Robert Scott and John W. Dunne. All dates in the near future have been cancelled and the company proceeded to Chicago. Physicians advised Mr. Gardner to retire from the stage for the remainder of the season, saying that if he did not do so he would lose his voice entirely. Even now it has almost failed him.

Another Railroad Accident.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

URBANA, O., Jan. 10.—Herman's too Wives combination failed to meet engagement here on account of a railroad accident. No particulars except that no members of the company were hurt.

Michel Strogoff in 'Frisco.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 10.—Michel Strogoff was splendidly produced at the California on Monday night, with Cornalba (danseuse), Ariel (the Flying Woman) and the Girard Brothers as accessories. It is a big success.

Len Grover's Cad the Tomboy was well received at the Baldwin. Squatter Sovereignty, at the Bush, is another hit.

Business is better after the holidays than has ever been known here. Bush and Emerson's crowded; Grand (Youth) and Baldwin's drawing well. Managers may send on their attractions with confidence.

A Mayor Sets His Foot Down.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

DETROIT, Jan. 10.—Our worthy Mayor, after waiting through the bad English in the manuscript of that shocking play (?), The James Boys, issued an order prohibiting its performance. He threatened to put the Park Theatre under police surveillance if an attempt was made to put it on. Marked for Life was substituted, and is playing to crowded houses. William Horace Lingard has not thus far had very encouraging business at Whitney's. A telegraph block is the cause of it.

A Langtry Endorsement.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—Mrs. Langtry appeared in She Stoops to conquer at Haverly's on Monday night. Her conception and acting of the leading rôle, Miss Hardcastle, was good. The attendance during this, the second week of the engagement, shows a falling off. Maude Granger and Harry Meredith, at the Grand and Academy, are drawing large houses. The second week of The Black Flag at Hookey's draws fairly. The Professor is not crowding McVicker's; but business is good.

In Paradise.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ALBANY, Jan. 10.—John T. Raymond, a great favorite with Albany audiences, appeared in his new play, in Paradise, at the Leland on Monday night. The play was presented two nights to good business. To-night, Fresh.

The Perennial Crook.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

UTICA, Jan. 10.—Monday and Tuesday nights the perennial Black Crook scooped in \$2,000.

Modjeska at the Lakes.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

CLEVELAND, Jan. 10.—Modjeska presented Rosalind at the Euclid on Monday night to a fair house. She appeared as Juliet last night to a light house. The cause of this may be ascribed to the increased prices of seats. Metropolitan prices will not be endured here. The prompter was not idle during the first two performances. At times the audience were on the verge of geying.

The Leavitt-Pastor company are playing to the full capacity of the Academy.

The City of Salt.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

SAKAMUS, Jan. 10.—Neil Burgess opened a two nights' engagement Monday in Josiah Allen's Wife, at the Wicket, to excellent business.

Burgess made a decided hit as Mrs. Allen, and the whole piece "caught on" immensely.

Hart and Sullivan's Female Mastodons are at the Grand. Large business, with baldheads to the front.

Miscellaneous.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

JOLIET, Ill., Jan. 10.—Milton Nobles' date of 13th here has been cancelled through a little misunderstanding with our manager.

NORFOLK, Va., Jan. 10.—Gorman's Opera company opened in The Mascotte to the largest house of the season, at Van Wyck's Academy of Music, on Monday night. Tagliapietra's Pippo carried the house by storm.

Professional Doings.

—Sadie Martinot is expected to arrive from England on Sunday.

—The Kendall company will open two new amusement edifices in Iowa during the next fortnight.

—Anson Pond's new play, Her Attraction, with Emily Rigi in the chief part, will be done at Haverly's Feb. 12.

—Collier's "Light of London," A company will play only week stands from now until the latter part of February.

—While in Columbus, O., Bertha Welby presented Isler, editor of the *Bohemian*, with a little diamond scarf-pin.

—R. C. Hudson has given up the part he played with Jefferey-Lewis and gone ahead of the company as advance agent.

—Elliott Barnes' comedy, Our Summer Boarders, will be produced at the Brooklyn Grand Opera House on Jan. 22.

—The manager of Sol Smith Russell telegraphs THE MIRROR that he had a fall house at the Cincinnati Grand on Monday night.

—Baker and Farron had such a poor house in Trenton last Friday night that they refunded the money and made for the first train southward bound.

—George H. Adams, the clown, tours among the Pennsylvania Dutch towns this and next week with his Humpty Dumpty, and appears in Philadelphia week of 23d.

—H. H. Leonard, who but recently accepted the management of Hall's Opera House, at La Porte, Ind., fled the town last week, much to the disgust of numerous creditors.

—C. R. Gardiner has bought a \$4,000 Jersey cow, which he will keep at his country-seat in the summer and use in his only a Farming's Daughter company in the winter.

—Fred Lotto has joined the Original Jollities (Wentworth contingent) as leading comedian. He made his first appearance with them at Springfield, O., Tuesday night.

—A. A. Stewart, the New York partner of the Strobbridge Lithographic Company, slipped while getting on a Twenty-third street car yesterday and broke his wrist.

—Byron W. Orr, agent of the Fay Templeton Opera company, has withdrawn for the season, and will return to his home at Carrollton, Ill., after recuperating his health at Hot Springs.

—The Harry Richmond Specialty combination disbanded in Cincinnati 7th. Harry Richmond and wife (Florence Stover) went to Wheeling, W. Va., to participate in the opening of Shay's Opera House 6th.

—The Madison Square Theatre company will be stronger than ever next season. Young Mrs. Winthrop will include in the cast Ade Dunning Lingard as Constance and Ade Dyras as Mrs. Dick Chetwynd.

—Rose Lisle is doing the larger variety houses of the country with a quiet little domestic drama entitled The Strangers of New York. We were afraid this Rose had ceased to bloom; but this week she is blushing in Baltimore.

—Georgia Cayvan did not accept the Madison Square engagement for San Francisco, but appears in Philadelphia Feb. 12, and at a later date at the Fourteenth Street Theatre; in Siberia, in which she assumes the part of Seta, the Jewess.

—Elliott Barnes has secured an excellent company for Our Summer Boarders, including, among others, W. F. Carroll, Charles Fraw, Nellie Jones, Lillian Egington, Mary Young, Louise Dickson, Delancey Barclay, Harry Rand and H. C. Marshall.

—There does not seem to be so much jollity among the Jollities. Wentworth's party, out West, is in the throes of reorganization. Askinson's party, down East, has lost Amy Lee, Jennie Yeamans, J. H. Rennie and Frank Daniels. But they still remain the Original—that is, both parties.

—Agnes Herndon was entertained in Columbus, O., by the Curtis Press Club, which is composed of the principal members of the Press and prominent citizens, including the Mayor and judicial bench and State officials. Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Gardiner were also present at the reception.

—Healy and Bigelow, the proprietors of the Indian Wigwag, have secured O'Leary's Second Australian Circus for a short season, commencing Monday next. The troupe is a good one and comprises such artists as Elsie Jack, Emma Lake, Linda Joel, Robert Sticks, Prof. Samwells, Tom Harry, and Annie.

—James Buckley, of the Erie road, returned last week from a brief European jaunt on the swift *Arizona* and is busy at his office. He was away only five weeks. During the twenty-two days he had on the other side he visited London, Paris, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, Chester and other places.

—Messrs. Miln and Burleigh have parted company. This noteworthy event took place at Grand Rapids, Mich., last Saturday. Fanny Miln reorganizes the company and continues on the road. Burleigh will get up a company and do ditto. Jealousy and bad business is said to be the cause of the break-up.

—P. R. Bennett, Jr., proprietor of Bennett's Opera House, Urbana, O., invited the managers of the opera houses in Baltimore, Boston, Lima, Akron, Canton, Detroit, Trenton, Salem, Newark, Zanesville, Cincinnati, Portsmouth, Ironton, Xenia, Piquette, Troy and Troy to assemble at Baltimore on Tuesday, the 9th inst., for the purpose of organizing an association with the object of stopping but one attraction a week in these cities for mutual protection against being present.

PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Thomas H. Keene's engagement the first three nights of the past week was a decided success, large and fashionable audiences greeted him nightly. Richard III, Othello, and Macbeth, were presented. Mr. Keene's rendition of the leading roles were exceedingly effective. In delineation of the character, detail of action, and fine elocution, he in many respects surpasses several more pretentious competitors in the same difficult line. Mr. Keene's Richard was a most masterly impersonation; his Othello was not one whit behind his Richard, and was given in a manner never excelled if equalled, in this city. The supporting cast is a fairly good one. Catherine Lewis gave a fair rendition of Othello's wife, Desdemona. Miss Lewis was indisposed and did not act for her usual vim and zest, and the company seemed to feel the effects of her indisposition, and in several instances marred an otherwise fine entertainment. Barton's Othello party had a large audience present 4th, and evidently gave great satisfaction. The company is well balanced and thoroughly drilled. The Girl That I Love, 8th three nights. Neil Burgess, 13th three nights.

Corinthian Academy of Music (Arthur Leitchford, manager): Mitchell's Pleasure Party, in Our Gobblins opened to packed house 1st, but closed to light business 2d. Kralley's Black Crook, drew crowded houses 4th, 5th and 6th. An American King, 12th and 13th. Item: E. A. Locke's comedy co., which has just been organized in this city, will take the road under the management of W. H. Deitz. They will appear in Mr. Locke's new play entitled Mates, the first stand will be in Toronto, Ont.

BINGHAMTON.
Academy of Music (A. D. Turner, manager): Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels drew a large audience 2d. Neil Burgess, in Josiah Allen's Wife, played to full house 3d.

HARLEM.
Mount Morris Theatre (Hammond and Chandler, proprietors): John A. Stevens opened Monday to a large house. The star and his lead, Abbie Pierce, were recalled several times. Charles Edwards and Jack Salt and E. L. Walton as Jimmy, with a lacerated arm, received the approval of the audience. The other members of the co. performed their parts well. The Vokes Family made their first appearance in Harlem 15th, week.
Item: During the interval between the acts, Signor Germano di Matteo, the cornetist of the Mount Morris, rendered some fine solos, giving Co.'s "Amusement Folks" in a most charming manner.—W. W. Montross, late business agent for the Vokes, is soon to place Charms, a *fantasia* in two acts, upon the road. Charms abounds in brilliant and sparkling music and funny situations. The people engaged are first-class.

OSWEGO.
Academy of Music (W. E. Phelps, manager): Prof. Anderson's gift show, etc., dropped in 1st to large house; T. W. Keene 2d.

KINGSTON.
Music Hall (Du Bois and Nichols, manager): Negotiations are pending with the Henderson Opera Co.; Kralley's Black Crook, 1st; Harry Vaughn's co. in Elliott Caines' new play, Our Summer Boarders, 2d, 3d.

ROUNDTOWN.
Sampson Opera House (Philip Sampson, proprietor): Haverly's Mastodons gave a good performance to a fine house 2d. Jayne, 12th; Young Mrs. Winthrop, 13th; Lillian Cleves, 14th.

AUBURN.
Opera House (A. Shimer, manager): 4th, Neil Burgess as Josiah Allen's Wife to very poor business. The Black Crook 12th and 13th.
Academy of Music (J. F. Matson, manager): Our Gobblins to good business. Hart and Sullivan's Female Mastodons 12th and 13th.

TROY.
Griswold Opera House (S. M. Hickey, manager): Baker and Farron presented, 1st, 2d, and 3d to large house. Mitchell's Pleasure Party, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 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